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MiG

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MiG

Mompati the car salesman in Gaborone, Botswana, says, “You Baas, you needs a bakkie”.

It is inevitability we’re contemplating here – no “ifs” – a cosmic balancing act.

A bakkie is a pickup truck in Southern Africa.

It is so hot in the garage it seems the Sun’s landed close by, somewhere behind the hill.

Mompati says I must get a bakkie “to send out the right signal”.

- And what signal is that?

- To tell the world you’re a Man.

- How so?

- Because if you drives a bakkie you’re saying, “Got a farm, and got cattle”. With cattle you can pay for a good wife, so you’re a Man.

- Well, I’d still like a small car.

Oh-oh, the sale’s becoming now a slope slippery as a live carp, wiggling bright & wet in the Sun.

- But Baas, then you’re telling everyone that you’re confused!

Ha! A padre he’s now, clasping hands, trying to save me from meself: I must inhabit the Ford bakkie he is patting like a bull.

“Where I come from”, I say, “Highways have milelong straight sections for MiG jetfighters to take off and land”.

Mompati takes it in and, impressed, lets go a bit.

- Yours no trite land, Baas.

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